Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my ſoule,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee,
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cauſe haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward.

Ambo.